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OCT

the Lone Ranger

52 pages • ALL COMICS



WATCHMEN ^{of} the RANGE



THE NIGHT HAWK

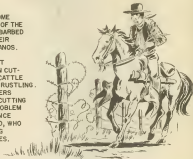
THE "NIGHT HAWK" IS THE COWBOY WHO STANDS GUARD OR WATCHES "NIGHT HERD" OVER A BUNCH OF CATTLE WHILE HIS COMPANIONS SLEEP. A HERD OF CATTLE, PEACEFULLY BEDDED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT IS SEEMINGLY, A SMALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE "NIGHT HAWK" BUT THE HAZARDS FROM WILD ANIMALS, SOME OLD STEER "ON THE PROD" OR A SUDDEN STORM CAN STAMPEDE A HERD.

AT SUCH A TIME, IT IS THE "NIGHT HAWK'S" DUTY TO CONTROL THE SITUATION

THE FENCE RIDER

IT TOOK QUITE SOME YEARS BEFORE MOST OF THE RANCHERS ADOPTED BARBED WIRE TO FENCE IN THEIR SPRAWLING RANCH LANDS.

ONCE ERECTED, IT PROVED ITS WORTH IN CUTTING DOWN LOSS OF CATTLE FROM STRAYING AND RUSTLING. HOWEVER, THE RUSTLERS SOON RESORTED TO CUTTING THE WIRE... THIS PROBLEM WAS MET BY THE FENCE RIDER, HEAVILY ARMED, WHO PATROLLED THE LONG STRETCHES OF FENCES.



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The LONE RANGER

CATTLE TRAIL FIGHT



GET BACK HERE!
HOLD WATER! HOLD!

YOU'D
HOLD FIRST!



WHEN BUTCH CAME
MOVE...MOVE!

YOU'D NO
LIVE GREEN!



IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE,
HAYES YOU'LL PROVE YOUR!

HOLD
ON!



A MANHOLD FIGHTER!
AND IN BLISS! DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE TELLING ME TO
HOLD ON!

IN THAT HORSE
PRESENTLY THE
WATER DROPS AND
WE'LL GO ON!



BUTCH RUN GOIN'
TO LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH THAT!

YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN' WATER, HAYES
WHEN I COME WITH YOU,
AND WATER SHALL COME FILL YOUR
OUT OF BULLET HOLE!













HE WANTS TO BE
SURE YOU CAN'T
SELL YOUR CATTLE!
THEN HE PLANS TO
BUY UP YOUR
WANDERING COWBOY!

USUALLY GORDON SENDS ONLY A
THOUSAND RIFLES... LEAVING THE
REST OF THE CATTLE CARS FOR HIM
HE'S GOT ENOUGH CASH AND
PASTURE LAND TO BUY OUT THE
SECOND SHARPEST GUY! IF HE PLANS
THE WHOLE PARTY TRAIL... HE'VE
RUNNED!



THEY WENT YOUR WAY AT
ONCE, WHEN THE OTHERS AND
MOVE OUT ~~REMEMBER~~!
THERE WILL BE CASH IN
HANDS IF YOU CONVINCE YOUR
HERD!

YOU'RE RIGHT! YES, NOW
LONG THE EAST SIDE
OF THE MOUNTAIN
AND SPREAD THE HORSE! I'LL
TAKE THE WEST SIDE!



LIFE'S NOT EASY...
STAY TOGETHER! BUT
WALK MY HERD AND BEEN
BRANDS YET!

WE'LL KEEP ACCOUNT OF ALL THE
STORIES YOU CONTRIBUTE TO THE
COMMON WEED BUT YOU'VE GOT
TO BE READY BY DAWN!



NO ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN...

BUT IF GORDON
GETS SUMMER LIKE
YOU SAY, WHAT'LL
HE DO?

RIGHT BACK! WE'LL BE
UNITED AND WE'LL EQUAL
THE NUMBER! TELL YOUR
MAN TO LOAD THEIR GUNS...
WE'LL BE AT DAWN!



ALL THE
DANGER
ARE A NOW
BACK!

CHARLIE, STAY! YOUR CRACK WAGON WE'VE
GOT TWO ALREADY AND THEY CAN HANDLE
THE MEN! YOUR COWBOYS ABOUT THE
COUNTRY! YES IF NOT A HORSE ON MY
BUT I'VE GOT BACK AND OTHERS IN!
LET'S MOVE OFF!









AS GORDMAN MEN RUSH AWAY FROM THE SCATTERED HORDS THE GREAT WHITE HORSES ROUNDED IN PLACES...



WITH GREAT STORIES ABOUT RACING ALONGSIDE THE ALBINO HORSES SAID ON THE FRIGHTENED LEADER, AND TURNED THEIR BACKS...



MEANWHILE...



YOU COULD BE BACK!

BUT THEY STILL GOT THE JUMP ON US! WE CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE!



YOU'RE WRONG! WE'VE BOUNDED THEIR UPSET! JUNCTION CITY IS STILL A LONG WAY OFF! GORDMAN! YOU'VE STOP NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON GUARD ALL THE WAY!



FOR A MINUTE THE HERD RUSHED ON UNMOLDED THEM AS THEY BEGAN TO CROSS THE DUNELANDS A WALL OF FIRE
 SUDDENLY BLAZED IN THEIR PATH...



"FIRE!"

"STAMPEDE! THE
 MALE LEADS SOUTH!"

"COME ON, LEADER! WE
 MUST STOP THEM!"



"THERE IS A DRY RIVER BED A MILE
 BACK! TURN THE POINT OF THE
 HERD THERE! THE WALL WILL
 STOP THEM!"

"LEFT, DOUBLE LEFT!"



"DRIVE THEM!"



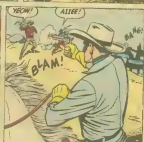
"THE RIVER BED!"

"MOVING AWAY!"



"WE'LL WAIT TILL THE
 FIRE BURNS ITSELF
 OUT AND THEN MOVE
 ON! ONE THOUSAND
 ...SOMEONE NEEDS US!"

"TOMMY AND I WILL FIND OUT JUST
 HOW NEAR BY HE IS! WE'LL TRY TO
 LOCATE HIS LAIR AND SEE HOW
 FAR HE IS FROM JUNCTION CITY!"



AS NIGHT FELL...

WE WERE WORRIED IF YOU'D GET BACK BEFORE WE HAD CAR!

YOU CAN'T CRAFT TONIGHT OR GORDMAN MAY BEAT YOU INTO JUNCTION CITY! HE WAS DELAYED US ENOUGH TO MAKE IT NECESSARY TO TRAVEL ALL NIGHT!



YOU HEARD THAT, BOB? HADDOLE LOU!

IF HE DRIVE THE HISS WITHOUT ANY BACKUP, HE SHOULD CROSS ROCK BRIDGE, JUST SOUTH OF JUNCTION CITY BY DAWN!



AT DAWN...

THEIR ROCK BRIDGE!

AND THERE IF GORDMAN'S RECEPTION COMMITTEE HE MUST HAVE BEEN THEN SHOULD LAST NIGHT!

WE CAN'T FORD THE RIVER UNDER A LAD OF LEAD!



GORDMAN MEN ARE WAITING FOR US AT THE MAIN CROSSING POINT AND I WILL STAY HERE WITH A SMALL PART OF THE HISS AND A FEW MEN FACTS DISTRICT THEM WHILE YOU MOVE THE REST OF THE HISS BEHIND THE HILL AND CROSS HALF A MILE DOWNSTREAM?

RIGHT!

BUT IF THOSE KILLERS FIND OUT...

...WE'LL GO TO CROSS WITH THE REST OF THE HISS! THEY'LL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN THE PARTS!



ACCOMPLISH

THAT WE GOTTA GET A
COUPLE OF HOURS MORE AND OUR
HEAD WILL ARRIVE WITH THE REST OF
THE BOMB AND WE CAN WIRE 'EM OUT!

DUDE DUDE!

WAKE UP!

I KIDNAPED HIM LIKE FIVE
YEARS AGO! THE MAIN PART OF THE
HEAD IS DOWNHILL THERE!



WHATTED YOU'D UP WITH THAT SMALL KID?
OF THE LEAD SCRAM THE FACK! STOP 'EM
YET! AGAIN!



ON THE OTHER HAND...

SCRAM! JUST KIDNAP THE
JUNK! HODS CROWDING BELOW! THEY
ARE MOVING DOWNHILL NOW!
STRET THE SECTION AHEAD!

COME ON! SCRAM!
JUNCTION CITY
HERE WE COME!



BLAZER TOLD THE OTHER
PARTS OF THE BOMB
NOW!

TURN ON THE BOMB! HAVE LEAD! IN
ONE! BLOW 'EM! STOP 'EM! STOP!

DOWN THE STREET!
SCRAM!



SLIMMEY GOT HIM! FROM HIMSELF! TRIPPED BETWEEN THE TWO GEORGINA! JACKSON OF THE ARMY MARCH HIMSELF
THANKS AND NO...

COME TO DOWN ON
THOSE GUARDS!

THEY WANTED TO STOP OUR LIVES!
LET EM TRY NOW! KIPPER!

BANG!

BLAM!

BANG!

BLAM! THOSE POLICE
DOWN!

ALIVE!

BLAM!
BANG!

THE ARMED HORSES TILL, PRESENTS
THEIR ARMS OF YOUR PROUD!

OWW!
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED THE FIRST TIME
THAT YOU CAN'T OUTGUN ME, BUTCH!

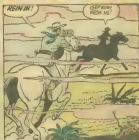
BANG!

IN GIFT!

BUT NOT VERY FAR!

THE LARDED OF HORSES HOWARD AND SPOT THE
FADING ALPINE...







IT'S TRYING TO EAT ME
UP! AND LOOK HERE! YOU
WERE HEARING!

THE
CANYON!



YOUR HORSE
FOUNT HAVE
STOPPED IN THIS,
BUT IS HE DRY?

IT'D HAVE BEEN GOOD TO HAVE
AND YOU WOULD HAVE TO LIVE TO BELIEVE
YOUR PARTNER IN THE SPOONAGE...
JUST DISCOVERED THE BORN HORSE
FOR A CROOK FOR THE PAST MONTH!



WENT TO HELL TOWN IN WITH YOU
AND THE NORMAN BOB WOODS...
JUST MADE UNEMPLOYED IN MY
CROOKED BOSS' GUESS I'M READY
FOR A PAID JOB (AND NOW!)

WAS THIS YOUR
BOSS, BOB?



LUCKY KERNAL, I WAS IN CHARGE OF CONSTRUCTING
THE NEW LONG HALLS RAILROAD. LUCKY TRIED ME
AND THE WHOLE CREEP TOWN. I'LL WRITE THE
EASTERN STOCKHOLDERS THAT DUE TO UNUSUAL
CIRCUMSTANCES, I'LL BE DELIVERED THEM ALL. BUT
THESE STOCKHOLDERS HAVE THE
RAILROAD AND OWN IT ALL!

YOU CAN TURN
THE TABLES ON ME!



IF SURE
LOVE TO.
BUT HOW?

THE HELL! ENOUGH! NEED A SAILORSHIP JURY!
KERNAL, DIDN'T YOU THINK STOCKHOLDERS WOULD BE
WILLING TO GET TOGETHER TO BUY A CONTROLLING
INTEREST FROM THE EASTERN STOCKHOLDERS?
COULD YOU GET A LIST OF THEM?



DRY, BUT
TOWN WANTS?

YOU'LL GO FIRST. IF REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE ENCLAVE AND BUY THE STOCK. THEN
YOU CAN GET A COURT ORDER PRESENTING
KERNAL FROM TOUCHING THE COLLECTION
ANNOYS AND COMPLETE IT. BUT FIGHTING
TOWN IS DANGEROUS... AND YOU WILL NOT!

GLAD TO PUT
MADGE TO
GET THE MONEY
TO BUY THE
BROCK!

FROM THE SQUADROONS! THEY'VE LOST
BUT THEIR OWN LINE, BUT KENDAL
SAY THIS GOVERNMENT SQUADROON
FIRST THEY'LL GO TO SHAR HARTMAN'S
BROCK AND WE'LL START BART WITH
THE NECESSARY FUNDS TOMORROW!



A MOMENT LATER
KENDAL HADN'T BEEN
WORK ON BELLEROS
AGAIN!

WHEN BOY CAME BACK WITH THE
CONTRADICTORY REPORTS HE WAS ABUSED
PROHIBITION TO CONTINUE BUILDING BUT
I EXPECT TROUBLE KENDAL RETURNED
TO CAPITAL CITY TODAY!



WOLF TELLER FINE
AT KENDAL!

COME ON
TODAY!

BLAM!
BANS!



YOU CAN
KENDAL! KENDAL!

AND YOU CAN'T SHOW
THEM WITH US!



BUT CAN
FLY BARRIED
ON A HORSE!

YEAH!

















POUNCE HIM TO THE GROUND! THE LONG RANGER CRIES.



WHO'S MEN? YOU'RE STARTING A LANDSLIDE! TRY TO BURY THE HORSE! I'LL COME DOWN TO HELP YOU!







SOON AFTER THE JARRIED BANGERS THUNDERED DOWN THE RAILS...

WE'VE SUSPENDED THEM ALL EIGHT!

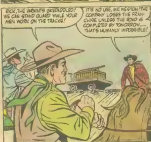
THEY'RE MARCHING! IT!

BAM! BAM!



NOW THE BANGERS RESUMED! WE CAN STAND GUARD WHILE YOUR MEN WORK ON THE TRACKS!

IT'S NO USE, WE NEED THE COMPANY LOAN TO FINISH THE RAILROAD UNLESS THE ROAD IS COMPLETED BY TOMORROW. THAT'S MATHS! IMPOSSIBLE!



SUPPOSE WE ALL STITCHED IN?

WE STILL COULD NOT CROSS THE BRIDGE AND FINE CUBO AND VALLEY CENTER BY TOMORROW. ONCE WE LOSE THE RAILROAD, WE'RE THROUGH!



THE TERMS OF THE RAILROAD SAY THE CARGO MUST BE LOADED AND VALLEY CENTER ON THE LONG VALLEY LINE OR IN SUBSIDIARY CARRIAGES... SURELY, YOU MEAN THE RAILROAD IS A STAGECOACH AND A SUBSIDIARY CARRIER?

YOU ARE I WILL!



WE'VE BEEN TELLING OF THE TRAIN CARGO TO THE END OF THE LINE AND THE JARRIED DELIVER THE CARGO FROM TARTS TO VALLEY CENTER THE TERMS OF THE RAILROAD ARE NOT TO BE BROKEN. WE'VE BEEN TELLING OF THE TRAIN CARGO AND WE'VE BEEN TELLING OF THE TRAIN CARGO.

THE LAW IS ON YOUR SIDE... DON'T WORRY ABOUT KIDNAP OR LAY WITH YOURS ON, TARTS!











WOLF BROTHER and the GRAY KILLER



Great chunks of weathered rock had tumbled down, long ago, to form a little enclosure between them and the butte's steep face. There a little spring bubbled up between the roots of a cottonwood. Green grass crowded the edges of the tiny stream that trickled out of this sheltered pocket.

Here Wolf Brother lifted Prairie Rose down from her pony. He knew that her injured shoulder must still be very painful. He tied the two horses to the tree, and divided the few arrows remaining between him and his bride-to-be.

"Rest, Prairie Rose!" he told her. "I will be back with meat in a little while—and with wood to make a fire. Keep your bow strong and ready—though I do not think you will be disturbed."

"I am not afraid," she responded, smiling. "Good hunting, my warrior!"

Within a mile, Wolf Brother came quietly upon a little group of buffalo, moving slowly as they grazed. He selected a young cow—the best meat on the prairie—and dropped her with a single, well-placed arrow. Quickly he dressed out the tongue and the tenderloin, or fillet. Then he salvaged his arrow, and started back.

Half way to the spring, Wolf Brother found himself hurrying. There was no particular reason to fear that anything had happened—yet he felt strangely uneasy. Before he reached the last patch of trees that hid his camp, he

was running.

All at once the trees were past, and the reason for his fear showed plainly. The two horses were straining at their tethers, rolling terrified eyes up at a big grizzly bear who paced, almost within striking distance. The brute had scented them from the butte and climbed down.

At first, Wolf Brother missed his partner. Then, as he ran, he saw her—standing in a corner of the rocks, with an arrow ready as her bowstring. The bear blocked the only way by which she could have escaped. She would shoot only as a last, desperate measure—for an arrow could never stop an angry bear.

Wolf Brother made his decision as he ran. He must draw the gray killer away from Prairie Rose and the horses—at any cost! He halted with a shrill whoop, at good arrow range, and drove a shaft into the bear's hairy throat.

There was no time for another! With a strangled roar, the grizzly came for him—came at a speed that could overtake a deer in a hundred yards.

Coolly, Wolf Brother made for the nearest tree. It was not a tall tree, and its top brushed the lowest ledge of the butte. With his bow slung on his back, the young Pawnee leaped for a branch, and swung up, just as the bear reached him. A great claw caught one of his moccasins—but no more.

"Bears of the silvertip breed are not good



tree climbers, but their weight and strength can shake a good-sized tree. Wolf Brother nearly fell from the lashing top branches, before he found footing on the ledge above. He had two arrows left.

Carefully, he drove one of them between the grizzly's ribs. The brute snarled at it, and lunged away . . . in flight? Not! He was making for a lower part of the ledge, to climb it! Wolf Brother fished his last arrow to the string. This must reach the monster's heart, or else—!

Ponderously the grizzly clambered onto the ledge. His little eyes glowed red as he headed for the waiting youth. Wolf Brother drew his bowstring to his ear . . .

TWANG!

The hard-driven arrow struck only thick muscle and bone. It failed to slow the silver-tip's charge. Tossing aside his bow, Wolf Brother leaped into the tree, swung from his hands, and dropped to the ground. Behind him branches crashed and splintered. The grizzly was close!

Sprinting from the base of the tree, Wolf Brother saw his pursuer hit the ground and start in pursuit. Was the brute a shade slower now? Little by little, even three arrows must have some effect on the monster's vitality . . .

But now there was a FOURTH arrow! And the bear was turning aside! Wolf Brother looked—and groaned. Prairie Rose had left her safe position, to help him! To draw the attack to herself!

Wolf Brother bounded toward the girl, sprinting desperately to reach her first. He saw her last arrow fly—then he was in front of her, whirling to meet the bear—with his knife!

Above them towered the bear's ugly bulk, gigantic paws lifted. Wolf Brother dodged beneath them, his knife blade driving for the heart—

But the blow was not needed. Even as it bit through the shaggy ribs, the grizzly collapsed—killed by the five arrows already in him.

Wolf Brother stepped back from the huge carcass, and turned to his companion.

"You chose death—to save me!" he said, wonderingly.

"Is that so strange, my warrior?" the girl asked, with a smile. "You chose it first, to save me! But I think the Great Spirit does not intend that we shall die like this."

"Not until we have reared strong sons and daughters to bring us honor!" replied Wolf Brother, meeting her gaze. "I know it, my Prairie Rose!"

He stooped down and carefully removed the dead bear's claws, and the four long, canine fangs.

"I will make a necklace of these for you to wear when I take you before the chiefs of my people," he said. "Then they will know the Gray Killer died under YOUR arrows, and they will honor you the more, O Rose of the Arkanah!"

YOUNG HAWK



AREN'T YOU GOING TO MAKE ME A FISH SPEAR, TOO, GRANDFATHER, HIGH CLOUD?

NOT NOW, LITTLE DUCK. IT TAKES A STRONG ARM TO USE THESE HEAVY "GRAINS" BUT YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT TONIGHT, TOO.

FAR FROM THEIR NATIVE PRAIRIES, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE DUCK EXPLORE THE MISSISSIPPI BARBERS WITH THEIR HATCHED FRIEND, HIGH CLOUD --- LONG BEFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN



TONIGHT, DID YOU SAY, HIGH CLOUD? BUT HOW CAN WE SPEAR FISH IN THE DARKNESS?

WITH A TORCH, MY SON! YOU SAW THE BIG FIRE KNOTS I PUT INTO THE CANOE?



THE ONLY TIME TO SPEAR FISH ON THE BOTTOM IS AT NIGHT, WHEN THEY ARE ASLEEP. THEN THEY ARE ASLEEP. THEN SEE THE LIGHT - NOT THE DANCE!



THE WATER IS SHALLOW HERE, YOUNG HAWK --- AND THE SANDY BOTTOM WILL SHOW THE FISH. LOOK WELL ---

YOUNG HAWK! I SEE ONE --- RIGHT BELOW US! HOLD THE CANOE ---



WITH THE AIM, YOUNG HAWK'S SPEAR DRIVES DOWN!





WITH A MIGHTY RUSH, A HUGE MANTA BREAKS SURFACE...



WHAT?---WHAT WAS IT, HIGH CLOUD?

A MANTA---DEVILFISH! IF HE HAD STRUCK US, HE WOULD HAVE SMASHED THE CANOE.



LET'S---LET'S---GO ASHORE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH FISHING--- FOR TONIGHT!

HIGH CLOUD, IS THERE ANY WAY TO FIX A CANOE SO THAT IT WON'T UPSET?



YES, YOUNG HAWK! WHEN WE OF THE HATCHEE PEOPLE HAVE TO CROSS THE GREAT RIVER IN A WIND, WE LAY POLES ACROSS TWO OR THREE CANOES, AND TIE THEM TOGETHER.



THIS BIG FIRE WILL DO FOR OUR BREAKFAST--- IF I BURY IT IN THE HOT COALS OF OUR FIRE, AND THAT WILL KEEP YOU FROM EATING IT ALL, TUMBLEWOOD.



THREE CANOES TIED TOGETHER--- BUT THAT WOULD NEED BIG POLES--- UNLESS TWO OF THE CANOES WERE VERY SMALL.



SUNNY? LET THEM SLEEP TUMBLEWOOD.

THAT NIGHT, YOUNG HAWK LIES AWAKE A LONG TIME, THINKING...

AT FIRST DAYLIGHT HE IS UP...

... TO DIG UP THE BAKED FISH FROM THE HOT ASHES
OF THE FIRE AND BREAKFAST ALONE--- WITH HIS
THOUGHTS FOR COMPANY.



GO BACK, TUMBLEWEED!

MMMMMMMM?



LAST NIGHT THE GREAT SPIRIT
SENT ME A DREAM! HE TOLD
ME TO HAVE A LITTLE CARRY!



KUUUU? I WONDERED WHERE
YOU'D GONE, YOUNG HAWK!
AREN'T YOU GOING HUNTING
THIS MORNING?



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
ARE YOU FEELING SICK? WHAT'S
THAT YOU'RE WHISTLING ON?



ALL RIGHT! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO
TALK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I'M
GOING HUNTING FOR 'POSSUM!
COME ON, TUMBLEWEED!





THE POLES SHOULD BE FITTED AND LASHED ABOUT HERE--- AND NOW I SHALL HAVE TO MAKE THE LITTLE DUGOUT TO FIT ON THE ENDS OF THE POLES.



THE LITTLE DUGOUT HAS NO OPENING TO LET IN THE WATER. IT CANNOT SINK! --- AND NOW I WILL TEST IT IN THE RIVER.



IT WAS SO I SAW IT IN MY DREAM



RAY WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, YOUNG BARK?

OH--- LOOK, RISE! GLOUD--- NO WAVES CAN UPSET IT! THE DUGOUT RISES--- NO MATTER WHAT I DO!



NEVER, NEVER HAVE MY OLD EYES SEEN SUCH AN INVENTION! DO YOUR MANDAN PEOPLE IN THE FAR NORTH MAKE THEM LIKE THIS?

NO, GRANDFATHER HIGH GLOUD! IT CAME TO ME LAST NIGHT IN A DREAM! IT IS "MEDICINE"!



WILL YOU HELP ME BUILD A FLOAT ONTO THE BIG DUGOUT, GRANDFATHER--- SO THAT WE CAN GO OUT UPON THE GREAT SALT WATER --- AND NO WAVES CAN UPSET US?

YES, MY SON! FOR THIS DREAM MUST HAVE BEEN SENT YOU FROM HEAVEN! IT IS STRONG "MEDICINE" INDEED!



BUT YOUNG HARK'S SHAFI FLIES TRUE TO THE MARK.







KEEP THE SMOKE RISING AGAINST THE BEARSKIN. LITTLE BUCK! WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT WELL TANNED!

HAVEN'T WE GOT ENOUGH SLEEPING FURS?



THIS IS NOT FOR A SLEEPING FUR. LITTLE BUCK--- WE SHALL HAVE A BETTER USE FOR IT WHEN WE PADDLE OUT ONTO THE GREAT SALT WATERS!



BRING MORE FIREWOOD, LITTLE BUCK! WE MUST HEAT MANY STONES TO BURN OUT THE INSIDE OF THE FLOAT. LOOT!

ALL RIGHT? BUT WHEN ARE WE GOING TO EAT? MY STOMACH HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR HOURS!



LATER, WHILE LITTLE BUCK ROASTS BEAR MEAT OVER THE FIRE



SOON THE LOG WILL BE A THIN, CLEAN SHELL! THEN WE SHALL PLUG THE TWO ENDS AND SEAL IT WITH PITCH---

--- AND CARVE ONE END SHARP, AS I SAW IT IN MY DREAM!



WHY DON'T YOU TIE THE FLOAT ONTO THE POLES WITH RAHWIDE INSTEAD OF WOODEN RYTHES?

BECAUSE THE RAHWIDE WOULD STRETCH AND LOOSEN IN THE WATER, MY SON!

... TOUNS HARK AND HIGH CLOUD ROLL THE LOG SECTION BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM! SO THE HOT STONES INSIDE WILL BURN AWAY THE ROTTEN PARTS OF THE WOOD.

AT LAST THE FLOAT IS READY CAREFUL HANDS LASH IT IN PLACE.

WHY DO WE---GOMPS?---
HAVE TO CARRY SO MUCH
SPRING WATER IN THE
DUG-OUT, YOURS HARK?

BECAUSE WE MAY
HAVE TO SPEND A
2000 MANY DAYS
ON THE GREAT
SALT WATER!

MANY WATER SOURCES ARE FILLED AND STOPPERED.

WHAT IS THIS STICK FOR,
HIGH CLOUD---TO HANG
DRIED FISH ON?

NO---TO HANG THE
BEARSKIN ON, MY SON!
THAT WILL HELP THE
WIND TO PUSH US
ALONG THROUGH
THE WATER.

I HEAR HIGH CLOUD FILLS A NUMBER OF HOLLOW
WOODEN CYLINDERS WITH PEMBRICAN (OR RED BEAT AND
BERRIES) AND SEALS THEM WITH MELTED FAT



AT LAST THE LITTLE KAYAKMAN WITH ITS BEARSKIN
SAIL AND ITS THREE EAGER PADDLERS SETS OUT
ON THE GREAT UNKNOWN!



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you kids have written in to us.

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The second specimen is a large, well-developed male, which is the largest of the two. It has a large head, a long neck, and a large body. The antlers are large and well-developed, with many points. The deer is standing in a field of tall grass.

The third specimen is a female, which is the smallest of the three. It has a smaller head, a shorter neck, and a smaller body. The antlers are small and have few points. The deer is standing in a field of tall grass.